

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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1869.

ON crossing the threshold of 1869, once more, we wish our readers a HAPPY NEW YEAR. In thankfulness to Almighty God for the past, blended with hope for the future, let us all cheerfully and manfully meet the duties and the difficulties which now lie before us, and doubt not but the same strength and goodness which have been granted in years gone by shall be ours this year and in the ages to come. We know not, and it is well we know not, the trials we have to bear, the struggles we have to encounter, or the victories we shall yet achieve. We must just go on—go on like pilgrims on a journey for a distant and a happy haven of rest and reward. It is true we cannot trace even the outline of our life in the year on which we now enter; yet we can trust the Providence that watches over the fall of a sparrow and numbers the hairs of our head. So come what will of good or evil, we feel sure that all the ingredients mixed in the cup of 1869 are intended by Providence to make it the cup of our salvation. Let each one of us then take up his staff and *go on*. Difficulties we must meet, and we must resolve them as we advance. As we proceed light dawns with increasing clearness where nought but darkness dwelt before. In the humblest or highest lot, the path of duty, the duty nearest to our hands, must be performed. Results we cannot estimate,

"No great deed is done
By falterers who ask for certainty.
No good is certain but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good;
'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings
A human music from the indifferent air.
The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero."

Our motto for 1869 shall therefore be
"GO ON."

JOHN TYSCOVICIUS.

GOODWYN BARMBY.

JOHN TYSCOVICIUS was a burgher of the town of Bielsk, in Podlachia, where, in the Town Treasurer's or Chamberlain's office of that place, about 250 years ago, a strange and violent scene was enacted. It was at the close of the year, and the weather was cold and severe. This would not have been conceived, however, from the hot and red faces of an angry and threatening group who had gathered around an elderly man of mild but intelligent appearance.

"Swear, Chamberlain!" shouted many hoarse and stormy voices. "Or we will not believe that your town accounts have been honestly rendered," added a lower but hissing and no less rancorous voice.

"My Master says, 'Swear not at all,'" replied John Tyscovicius, for he it was who held the office of Chamberlain of Bielsk at that time, and whose year of office was then expiring.

"You dispensed with the oath," he continued, "when you placed upon my shoulders the burthen of this office of Chamberlain, which I sought not for myself, neither desired to have. Why, then, require me now to swear against my conscience?"

"How else," shouted one, "shall we know that your accounts are honest?"

"Who accuses me of dishonesty?" he answered. "Who has ever known me to break the word of truth, or to forfeit an honest name?"

For a moment there was silence, and then from amid the crowd broke forth sullenly the words, "He dares not swear."

The Chamberlain was evidently touched by the accusation, and hesitated in his purpose not to swear at all. "By whom would you have me swear?" he cried.

"By the holy rood," cried one. "By

the Holy and ever blessed Trinity," shouted another. And the one advanced holding forth a crucifix for him to kiss.

"No, I will not swear," he exclaimed, "by the idolatrous image of a dead man upon a cross."

"Then swear by the Holy Trinity," shouted many voices.

"What is it—male or female?" he replied; "or which person in it would you make me swear by?"

"By the Holy Three in One, blasphemer!" growled an infuriated priest.

"I do not know them," said Tyscovicus. Then gathering himself up determinately, he added, "No, I worship not a dead man, born of a woman, and dying upon a cross, nor know I aught of three Gods, or the Trinity as you call it, that I should swear thereby."

"He has trampled on the crucifix." "He blasphemes the Holy Trinity." "He dares not swear, for his accounts are false," cried various persons in the crowd; and, unmoved before, on hearing that last word, Tyscovicus again looked round and opened his lips.

"Yes," he said, "I will swear, but by one only name in heaven and earth. Yes! I will swear, but by the one sole and Almighty God, who knows all hearts, and the honesty or wickedness of them, and besides whom there is no other God, nor need be other, neither your dead man upon the cross nor your threefold idol in Heaven."

"To prison with the unbeliever," shouted the crowd. Three times was Tyscovicus asked to swear upon the crucifix or by the Trinity, and three times he resolutely refused. The chief magistrate of the town, who was present during this scene, and had a wicked interest in it, then committed him to prison, and either at that time, or on his way to the gaol, he was reviled and beaten by his permission or orders.

Behind this violence, this bigotry of the crowd and religious intolerance of the ignorant, there were indeed personal motives arrayed against Tyscovicus, and it was sordid self-interest which had nursed and stimulated the superstition and fanaticism of his townspeople against him. He was a man of considerable property, and had recently received a large accession to his wealth through the decease of one who had made him his sole heir. His

relatives, the principal one of whom was his persecutor, the chief magistrate of the town of Bielsk, coveted this wealth to be divided among them. They knew that he was a conscientious Unitarian, and hence the ordeal of the oath they put to him. They expected that he would refuse to take it, and reckoned upon his amenability to law and probable loss of life by refusing it, through which his property would pass into their hands. And they reckoned rightly, with all the selfish cunning and sordid wisdom which belonged to their world.

The period in which Tyscovicus lived was precarious. Socinus had indeed united Unitarians together in so compact a body as to enable them to defy their enemies, whether Romanist or Protestant, in any fair field of theological controversy. The Jesuits recognised their defeat in polemics, but determined to recover their power by stratagem. It was upon the ignorance of the multitude that they founded their plans. If they could stimulate the superstition and fanaticism of the mob the ground which they had lost might be regained. They resorted to all means to effect this end. They excited the inferior members of their own community to acts of lawless violence against all reputed heretics, and the contagion of bigotry and persecution spread among the mass. In 1605, the Jesuit Piasecki, addressing his congregation from the pulpit against the reformed communion, exclaimed, with terrible violence of voice and manner, "People of God! destroy and burn their churches." It is but a short step between burning churches and burning men. But a few years elapsed between 1605, the date of this imprecation, and 1611, the era of a martyrdom. The Lutheran church of Posmania was first attacked—then that of the Bohemian Brethren. The Protestant sects who malign Unitarians as heretics are all alike heretics themselves in the eyes of Jesuit orthodoxy. The Jesuits even went to the length of hiring assassins to take away the lives of clergymen of the Reformed churches. It was a fitting time for the dark and mercenary designs of his relatives upon the life and property of Tyscovicus to be carried into execution.

He had been brutally dragged to the common prison of his native town. From thence, in the absence of the king, he confidently appealed to the Supreme Tribunal

of his country against the justice of his sentence. On his cause being heard the Tribunal honourably discharged its duty by declaring the injustice of his incarceration, and acquitting him of the accusations of defalcations brought against him; further showing their confidence in his innocence, by fining and punishing, as a perverter of justice, his relative the chief magistrate of Bielsk, who had instigated the charges against him and ordered his imprisonment.

The sky then seemed to have cleared for Tyscovicus, but it was only for a moment. The dark cloud soon overcast it again. Nothing daunted by their reverse, his enemies persevered in their nefarious designs and renewed their malicious charges against him. Sigismund III. was then King of Poland, and there was much jealousy existing between himself and his court and the Supreme Tribunal, the Diet of the nation. Different powers were exercised arbitrarily and without due co-ordination in those times. Where the true tribunal of justice, where the right court of appeal was held, was often a difficult question. "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man," was as ever a wise proverb. The persecutors of Tyscovicus now adopted the politic course of appealing against him to the Queen Constantia, the wife of King Sigismund, to whom the town of Bielsk had been granted as an Archduchess of Austria. The Queen took the part of the persecutors of Tyscovicus, ordered that he should again be imprisoned, suspended the decree of the Diet against his arch enemy, the chief magistrate of Bielsk; and, jealous of his appeal to the Diet, and inflamed against him by his persecutors, the King himself, in council, ordered that he should be put to death for blasphemy. Tyscovicus, who was at the time at Warsaw, was immediately seized upon and imprisoned, and shortly after sentence of death was pronounced against him in the following dreadful terms:—"That whereas, he had been guilty of blasphemy, his tongue should be plucked out; that whereas he had dared to appeal to the Diet of the kingdom, and had been guilty of contumacy towards the town magistrate, to whom he was subject, and towards her Majesty the Queen's decree, by which he had been remanded to the same magistrate, he should be beheaded as an obstinate offender and

a rebel; that whereas he had thrown down the image of the crucifix and trampled upon it, his hand and his foot should be cut off; and finally, that he should be burnt as a heretic." After this terrible sentence was read to him he was surrounded by Jesuits and priests, who pressed him to abjure his Unitarian faith, promising him that his sentence of death should be revoked and his property restored to him if he would consent. To all the importunities of these seducers of his soul he turned a deaf ear. The shorter also his term of existence became, the more strongly he resisted the temptations they proffered him. He was evidently one of those of whom the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews writes, as "not accepting deliverance that they might obtain a better resurrection." The immortal life was before him, and he valued the state of soul in which he should enter it more than any preservation of his temporal existence and the goods of this world.

At the hour of nine in the morning, on the 16th of November, 1611, an ignorant and excited crowd were assembled around the stake in the Market-place, of Warsaw, to which Tyscovicus was led. There he was executed, with all the horrible details of his sentence. History, ashamed of its office, has allowed a veil to remain over much of this terrible tragedy. We only know that all the parts of the sentence were ruthlessly carried out. Doubtless the victim died as bravely as he had courageously lived. The flames consumed the mutilated remains of his body, while his soul soared far away from the power of his enemies. The truth was repeated that there is no redemption without blood; the martyrdom was accomplished and the sacrifice complete.

And now what do we learn from this instance of martyrdom for our Unitarian faith. Little that we do not gain from other instances of a like character, although that little is not unimportant. The martyrdom of Tyscovicus is like other martyrdoms, only its details were more revolting than those of many others, being perpetrated with varied instances of cruelty, which make it stand out in horrible proportions in our memories. Intense and ever increasing hatred to that theology which lighted the flames of that tragical pile, we should learn from it. Compromise

with it, endeavour to conciliate it, and we become the abettors of those horrible crimes which led to the stake our early saints, the godly forefathers of our faith. We know that in our Unitarian faith there is nothing worthy of death, but rather of life everlasting. Would that we could believe that the descendants of those who brought our forefathers to the stake were altogether altered from their ancestors. Would that we could think that the will and not the power was wanted by them to perpetrate like atrocious deeds. But, alas, to dogmatic theology, to superstition, to bigotry, to fanaticism, nothing but the power is wanted to perpetrate in these days all the dark deeds of the past. Those who malign us and persecute us, little as they now recognise in themselves the accessibility to such crime, amid the deceitfulness of their hearts, would condemn us to torture and death if they only possessed the power. Well may we hate, yea, with a perfect hatred, the theology which is at the foundation of such a state of feeling, and if ever we compromise with it the blood of our martyrs will rise up in judgment and condemn us.

And yet a little more than from others do we learn from the martyrdom of John Tyscovicius. He was not a clerk in holy orders, he was not a minister of the faith once delivered to the saints and pledged by his profession to constancy in it, but he was simply a layman, not a preacher to others, but a thinker himself, an honest man, fearing his God and loving the truth. He has left no controversial works behind him, but his martyrdom is recorded in the memorial of Sandius. He did not argue for his Unitarian faith with his pen, but he rendered to it the confession of an honest life and of a steadfast death. To all, then, he teaches, belongs the responsibility of the confession of the truth—not to the preacher only, but to the hearer, not to the learned controversialist alone, but to all to whom the conviction of truth has come. That is the lesson of the stake in the market-place of Warsaw to us. No humble position exonerates us from the confession of the truth. No love of worldly wealth should lead us to disown the dangers attendant upon it. To be constant to it in life and steadfast to it in death, is better than all life and wealth without it.

FIFTY YEARS TO COME.

At the beginning of a new year the mind is disposed to look forward, and aims to answer some of the problems of the present, which time alone can resolve. Fifty years will make great and solemn changes we may now predict and review with some certainty. Interesting and exciting as are many of the leading questions of the present day, we may fairly say that not only the disestablishment of the Irish Church, but also of the English Church, will have been accomplished, and the statesmen and the generation that have done this act of justice will have passed away before fifty years are gone.

Looking to the past few years, and perceiving the accelerated speed with which public acts of justice are now done, and important changes effected, we cannot doubt the progress awaiting us in the future, and that some great thoughts of world-wide equity, not yet born, in fifty years will have achieved the full manhood of their strength and fruitfulness. The religious views that we Unitarians hold, so rational, pure, ennobling, and scriptural, now comparatively ignored or calumniated, will, fifty years hence, be the predominating belief of Christendom. The Trinity and its kindred doctrines, the belief in the endless misery of the wicked, and such views of the divine government will have passed away, and be forgotten and clean out of mind.

There is another thought we fail not to recognise just now—though progress marches on, and errors and acts of injustice pass away, so do all the actors on this brief stage of life. Fifty years hence, how few of us here who now take part in the affairs of life shall have survived this period! Long and long ere those years are spent we shall have slept the sleep of death, and our spirits will be gone to the Kingdom of the Eternal.

Generation after generation flows on, and nearly two generations pass in fifty years. Our fathers—where are they? once as active as we are now; and our children will ask the same question as we do this day. This is a solemn thought, and should teach us now to apply our hearts unto wisdom.

A little while, and we are no more here; yet nature, and the beauty of nature, and the brightness of the heaven, and the rich-

ness of the earth, they continue for thousands of years types of the everlasting mercy of God. We rejoice this is so, and that the sky will be clear over our graves, that laughter and gladness will be heard in the chambers where we have died, and eyes will glisten with joy where tears have been shed. Days and years will continue to move on when we are forgotten. Christian civilisation will keep its onward march, adding new trophies, gaining fresh victories, and crowning the wishes and efforts of the wise and righteous with ever-increasing success. All that is false and wicked will be purged out of society in the process of time, and a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness, will be revealed to our own race. We can all do some service this year that fifty years hence, or in the ages yet to come, we may be able to look upon the few years we tabernacled here, and say we did our part to leave the world better than we found it.

THOU SHALT NOT DO EVIL THAT GOOD MAY COME.

THIS is a moral law which is supported by the authority of the New Testament, and is approved of by every healthy conscience. It is also enforced by the laws of the land in the case of all actions of which the law takes notice. You may not steal in order to perform an act of generosity; you may not tell a falsehood in a court of justice in order to help an innocent man on his trial. The clergyman alone deliberately violates this simple rule of right. He does not wholly believe the creeds which he solemnly professes to believe; and he justifies his false profession by saying that without so doing he could not continue in his course of usefulness in his parish. He teaches his flock, he consoles the unhappy, he reproves the sinful, he prays with the dying. All these are most praiseworthy acts. If he throws up his post as a clergyman because the creeds and liturgy of the Church offend his conscience, he throws up a post in which he is doing much good, as well as earning his livelihood. What is to be done? Shall he every week tell a falsehood before God and the congregation, or shall he leave his livelihood and his usefulness? In every other case he would himself say, "Thou shalt not do evil that

good may come." But, sad to say, it has been determined by many a clergyman, from Dr. Paley down to Dr. Arnold, and many eminent clergymen now living, that in this case, "The end justifies the means." And if this is to be laid down as a principle where will the evil end? When doubts arise in a young clergyman's mind he is not told to study the Bible, or to look into the difficulties; but he is told to close his mind against the subject, and to devote himself more earnestly to the poor, and to the various duties in which the minister of religion can make himself useful. He thus quiets his conscience by his activity in doing good. He engages himself warmly in his profession, and at last persuades himself that the end justifies the means; and that in his particular case, though in no other, it is allowable to do evil in hopes of being able to do good. By such practical lessons of insincerity the religious teachings of the clergy are corrupted.

TIME'S HEALING.

TIME worketh wonders in his onward course;
To those who bear their burdens with meek heart

He lendeth courage, energy, and force,
Then, "bring forth fruit with patience," O my soul!

Time creepeth with a ling'ring pace,
He bendeth down his aged back and stoops;
Yet aids the suffering in their toilsome race.
Then, "bring forth fruit with patience," O my soul!

Beneath the shelter of his soft dusk wing
He leadeth on in welcome shade to peace,
And gently smoothen every rugged thing.
Then, "bring forth fruit with patience," O my soul!

His scythe, with noiseless surely-sweeping swath,
Mows down abuses, prejudices, wrongs;
Induces amity, assuages wrath.
Then, "bring forth fruit with patience," O my soul!

His kind old hand, for all its trembling eld,
Hath oft the skill to disentangle knots
That we have hopelessly intricate held.
Then, "bring forth fruit with patience," O my soul!

The silent dropping of the hour-glass sand
Is like the unheard stealing on of "joy"
That "cometh in the morning" from God's hand.
Then, "bring forth fruit with patience," O my soul!

ONE HEART HAPPY.

"MOTHER, mother, I have made one heart happy to-day," said little Willie, as he came bounding in from school, one lovely summer afternoon, and flung his arms about her neck, imprinting a sweet kiss upon her pale cheek. "Yes, mother, I have made one heart happy to-day,"—and his little bosom heaved with an honest pride and delight, which caused his bright eyes to sparkle, and a rosy smile to play upon his dimpled cheeks.

Little Willie was a bright, active boy, on whose countenance seven summers had smiled, leaving new beauties as their visible impress, and a reward for the warm heart beating beneath. His widowed mother, on whom the whole care of his training from infancy had devolved, was called to exercise great discretion, properly to curb his naturally hasty temper, and bring it into due subjection to wholesome restraint, and thus mould it for the accomplishment of some noble end in life; to love rather than to hate, to do good rather than evil. And well had the mother done her task. He was the child of many prayers and much faithful instruction, and the good seed thus sown unsparingly, and watered with a mother's tears, had fallen in good soil, and was now just beginning to spring up with the promise of an abundant harvest. The oft-repeated counsel, that he ought always to try to make some heart happy each day, had for once been heeded, and she rejoiced in the thought, and inwardly thanked her heavenly Father that she had lived to see her darling boy so loving and dutiful as he had been of late, and especially that happy day.

"Are you sure, Willie?" she said, after a slight pause, "you have made one heart happy to-day?"

"Yes, mother, she said so, and thanked me, oh, so many times!"

"Who was it you made so happy? and what did you do for her?"

"It was auntie, mother—*auntie Wilson*, who lives in the little house by the brook. I went in there when I went to school, and she said she had been looking out of the window to see the beautiful flowers, and the little children plucking them; but she was old and lame, and couldn't pick them as she used to, and as she had now no little boy or girl to get them for her, she had to be content with looking at them

from her window. So at noon I went out and got all the prettiest ones I could find, and carried them to her, and she was so glad, and said God would bless me, for I had made one poor heart happy; that the flowers were very sweet; but she was going soon to a land where there are far sweeter flowers that never fade. Did she mean heaven, that I have heard you say so much about, mother?"

"Yes, my dear."

"May I not gather flowers for her every day, mother, and some of those nice ones from *our* little garden, that I may make her happy again?"

"Yes, child, as often and as many as you wish; and I trust the remembrance of this day may cause you ever to strive to make some heart happy daily, and then it cannot be said you have lived in vain."

"I will try, mother," he said, and his blue eyes filled with tears—tears of mingled sympathy and joy; sympathy for the disconsolate and suffering, and joy that even *he* could be of some service—little boy that he was—in making earth's weary and lonely hearts happy. Yes, and it was a blessed privilege. He *had* made one heart happy that day; and not *one* only, for the simple story of that little act of childish thoughtfulness and kindness had made a mother's heart happy also. Yes, that simple handful of flowers, gathered in the field and by the roadside; had made *three* hearts happy that day. The flowers which caused it might wither, but before that happened, one more unfading flower was blossoming in three hearts, with its sweet fragrance.

Blessed privilege, indeed, to make *one* heart happy each day!—is there one that cannot, or will not strive to do it? There is sunshine enough, there are flowers enough, there is perfume enough, in this world of ours to make *every* heart happy, and sweeten *every* bitter cup, if there was always ready some kind word or act to unlock the avenues thereto, and open them to the reception of those blessed gifts. If every one would but live for this, what a blessed world earth would be! a little heaven below—every home a temple of praise, and every heart an exhaustless fountain of joy!

Let all live, then, so that each night they may say, "I have made one heart happy to-day."

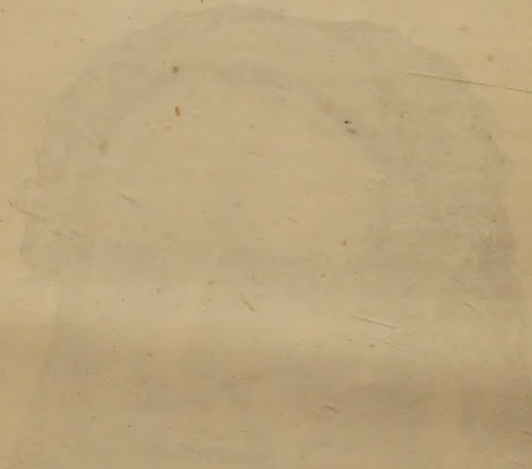




THE UNITARIAN CHURCH AT CHICAGO.



MISS MARY CARPENTER.



MISS MARY CARPENTER.

A FEW weeks ago Miss Carpenter started for the East on another mission of Christian philanthropy, and she thus adds to the testimony of her interest for the ignorant and the fallen, another proof of the sympathy evoked in her heart to raise and bless the weakest and the most lost of our race.

For nearly forty years Miss Carpenter has devoted herself most assiduously to the better education of our English people, and the reformation of those who from their very youth, would have been, through first wrong steps, thrown on society as incorrigible criminals and pests to the world. On the subject of neglected and destitute children she has stirred attention and done good service. The sacred duty of helping the helpless to better life, and of providing schools and institutions for the ragged outcasts and city Arabs has had her whole attention for many years, till she now begins to see the fruit of her toil and anxiety in every town and district throughout our land. We may say she has won the victory for neglected children.

We may justly add there is no good work to raise mankind or to succour the tempted to which she has not devoted herself with zeal and success at home; and though we can ill spare so wise a worker from our shores, yet it is well that we have some who have the courage to face the difficulties that stand in the way of Christian civilisation in India.

It is but right to remember that two hundred millions of human beings, with immortal souls, are under our dominion in the East; and shall future history record to our disgrace that we held authority over this immense mass of people just for the sake of secular gain? This would be a sad dishonour to our name, worse than the Roman occupation of this island 2000 years ago by a pagan people. Miss Carpenter will help to place our position in some better light than mere self-seeking. It has been discovered that female education is absolutely essential to the elevation of any people. In India it is totally neglected, and the results are deplored by every thoughtful person there. We wish Miss Carpenter every success in her attempt to establish schools for the education of female teachers. We may inform our readers our engraving this month is an excellent likeness of this Unitarian Christian lady.

THE UNITARIAN CHURCH AT CHICAGO.

WE have taken an unusually exceptional course in our engraving this month of our new church at Chicago, United States, but our explanation, we think, will satisfy our readers. The remarkable and able minister of that church, the Rev. Robert Collyer, called the "Poet Preacher" of America, left our shores only a few years ago as a smith and Methodist lay preacher. He was not long in America till he expressed some sympathy with Unitarian religionists, and for this was rebuked, which led to his union with us in the Christian ministry. He was sent to Chicago to found what we call a Domestic Mission Church, or a second Church there. His able ministry soon led hundreds to flock to hear him, and his large and generous heart won the sympathy and admiration of all who made his acquaintance; and so his congregation has steadily and steadily improved, till now, at this new year's time, they are able to open a building which has cost, we understand, upwards of £20,000; and an organ for the choir has been placed in the church at a cost of £2000; and so anxious is this congregation to hear first class psalmody, they have offered a lady £500 a year to lead the singing.

We believe that Mr. Collyer enjoys a popularity in the western states equal to that of Henry Ward Beecher in the east; we may therefore thank God, and take courage for the prospects of our good cause in the rising states of America. We are glad to hear that it is Mr. Collyer's intention to visit England next year, and we anticipate our churches will be refreshed by his presence, as they have been already by the earnest and eloquent discourses of the Rev. Dr. Henry Bellows.

THE DIFFERENCE—A MISTAKE.

In Anthony Trollope's "North America," vol. i, page 430, the following occurs:—"In New England I think the Unitarians would rank next in numbers. But a Unitarian in America is not the same as a Unitarian with us. Here, if I understand the nature of his creed, a Unitarian does not recognise the divinity of our Saviour. In America he does so, but throws over the doctrine of the Trinity." We can inform Mr. Trollope our doctrines are identical, but that our brethren in America are more thoroughly earnest about diffusing Unitarianism than the Churches here.

HINTS ABOUT HEALTH.

BY AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN.

AN incalculable amount of sickness and premature death would be avoided every year, if we could be induced to heed the warnings, the premonitions, which kindly nature gives of the coming on of the great enemy, disease. Many a mother, especially, has lost a darling child, to her lifelong sorrow, by failing to observe the approach of disease, in some unusual act or circumstance connected with her offspring.

1. If an adult or child wakes up thirsty in the morning, however apparently well at the moment or the preceding evening, there will be illness, before noon always, infallibly. It is generally averted by remaining warm in bed, in a cool, well ventilated room, eating nothing, but drinking plentifully of some hot tea all day ; some little may be eaten in the afternoon by a child. But as long as a person wakes with thirst in the morning, there is an absence of health—there is fever.

2. If, when not habitual to him, one is waked up early in the morning with an inclination to stool, especially if there is a feeling of debility afterwards, it is the premonition of diarrhoea. There should be perfect quietude, &c., as above ; in addition a piece of warm, thick, woollen or flannel should be wrapped tightly around the abdomen (belly) ; the drink should be boiled milk ; or far better, eat pieces of ice all the time, and thus keep the thirst perfectly subdued ; eat nothing but boiled rice, corn starch, sago, or tapioca, and continue all these until the tiredness and thirst are gone, the strength returned, and the bowels have been quiet for twelve hours, returning slowly to the usual activities and diet.

3. If a child be silent, or hangs around its mother to lay its head on her lap, or is most unusually fretful, or takes no interest in its former amusements, except for a fitful moment at a time, it is certainly sick, and not slightly so. Send at once for a physician, for you can't tell where or in what form the malady will break out ; and in children, especially, you can never tell where any particular ailment will end.

4. When there is little or no appetite

for breakfast, the contrary having been the case, the child is sick, and should be put to bed, drinking nothing but warm teas, eating not an atom until noon, then act according to developments.

5. If a child manifests a most unusual heartiness for supper, for several nights in succession, it will certainly be sick within a week, unless controlled.

6. If there is an instantaneous sensation of sickness at the stomach during a meal, eat not a particle more ; if just before a meal, omit it ; if after a meal, go out of doors, and keep out in active exercise for several hours, and omit the next meal ; for all these things indicate an excess of blood or bile, and exercise should be taken to work it off, and abstinence, to cut of an additional supply, until the healthful equilibrium is restored.

7. A kind of glimmer before the eyes, making reading or sewing an effort, however well you may feel, will certainly be followed by headache or other discomfort, for there is too much blood, or it is impure ; exercise it off in the open air, and omit a meal or two.

8. If you are not called to stool at the accustomed hour (except when travelling, then let things take care of themselves—do nothing), eat not an atom until it is done, for loss of appetite, or nausea, or loose bowels, or biliousness, is certainly impending. Exercise freely out of doors and drink cold water or hot teas to the fullest desired extent.

9. If there is a most unnatural indisposition to exertion, you need rest, quiet, and abstinence ; exercise in weariness never does any good, always harm. But if causelessly despondent, or there is a general feeling of discomfort, the blood is bad, warm the feet, unload the bowels, eat nothing for twelve hours, and be out of doors all day.

10. If without any known cause, or special pain, you are exceedingly restless, cannot sleep, or if you do, it is dreamy, disturbed, or distressing, you have eaten too much, or are on the verge of some illness. Take nothing next day but hot drinks and toasted bread, and plenty outdoor exercise. In all these cases a thorough washing with soap and hot water, and a vigorous bodily friction, greatly expedite restoration.

THE INDIAN REFORMER ON PRAYER.

OUR readers will be delighted with a few words from this remarkable man (Keshub Chunder Sen) on prayer. We may say that he is preparing the minds of his people for the full reception of our Unitarian views.

"When it pleased God to cause the light of religion to dawn upon my heart,—allow me to mention an incident from the earliest chapter of my religious history—when through His grace my eyes were first opened to the importance of religion, and the first struggles for emancipation from sin began to agitate my heart, then I felt the need of prayer. I found my heart was full of darkness, and was under the deadly influence of all the passions of the flesh, the allurements of the world, and of ambition, and of covetousness, and of worldliness. Against these multitudinous enemies I, a poor sinner, could not possibly stand. Feeble in body, feeble in mind, feeble still in spirit, how could I stand in the face of enemies so awful, so formidable, and so numerous as these; enemies outside, and enemies within, contending for mastery over my soul day and night? What could I do in circumstances such as these? I waited not for the revelation of any particular book, or the teachings of any particular prophet. In deep agony I consulted my soul, and my soul said in language exceedingly simple and impressive, "Pray, and pray, if you want salvation. None but God can save sinners." And then my proud and arrogant mind was humbled down, and with it was humbled down my head; my heart, which had been eaten up with conceit, and arrogance, and self-sufficiency, I found that there was nothing in it which could withstand the awful assaults of temptation, and in utter helplessness I threw myself at my Father's feet. All sides of the horizon were dark; light suddenly burst forth in one direction, and it appeared as if the word "prayer" was written in golden letters on the gate of the kingdom of God—showing that none entered God's kingdom unless he pass through the gate of prayer—none conquered sin and temptation unless he humbly, earnestly, and fervently pray. Without wavering or hesitation, therefore, I at once began to pray to my God. The first day—a blessed day

it was—I prayed in the morning, and in the night, secretly and humbly. No brother helped me with counsel or encouragement. Nay, I had to conceal the matter from the knowledge of my friends and relatives, lest they should scoff at me. I was sure that as soon as they came to know of it, they would ridicule me and try to dissuade me if possible from such a noble and godly habit; but lest such circumstances should happen, I kept the matter a secret. Day after day I kept on praying, and in the course, I assure you, of a few days, I found, as it were, a flood of light entering into the inmost recesses of my heart, and dissipating the darkness of my soul, the darkness of death. Oh, it was cheering light streaming through overhanging clouds of hideous sin. Then I felt relief, unspeakable comfort. Then I found rest on my bed, and then I found comfort in the company of my friends. For I can assure you there was a time in my life when I had almost given up mirth and good humour, and cheerfulness, and amusement of all kinds. I felt that the world was dark because my heart was full of darkness; and had not my gracious and beneficent God revealed to me just at that time this great gospel of salvation, namely, prayer, I cannot think where I would have been to-night. Prayer to me was the beginning of salvation. It led me and helped me in inquiries after truth; it brought me into contact with theological works and pious men; and through prayer all the other appliances and resources, so very necessary for spiritual progress, were placed at my disposal by the very God who had led me thus far. I assure you it is prayer which ought to be considered as the beginning of religious life, the key to the kingdom of God. Have that, and you have in your hands the means of unlocking the treasures of divine grace. Is it saving knowledge you want? Come and pray. Is there a doubt you want to dispel? Come and pray. Is it a weakness you wish to remove? Come and pray. Is it power you want? Come and pray. Is it sin you wish to give up? Come and pray. Is it holiness you want? Come and pray. One precept have I given to all inquirers after truth that have called upon me, and who so cometh to me in future for advice shall find, 'Pray without ceasing,' as was said in days gone by."

THE FREEDOM OF CHRIST.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN, D.D.

THERE is an old legend that a mother once took her only child to a monastery dedicated to St. Maurice, where he became a monk. In the fulfilment of his calling there he became specially skilful in chanting the Liturgical service. But by and by the son fell sick and died. The mother, in despair, came to bury him; and every day she would return to weep over his tomb. At length St. Maurice appeared to her, and attempted for a long time in vain to console her. "No, no, as long as I live I shall always weep for my son, my only child." "But," replied the saint, "he must not be wept for as though he were dead. He is with us; he rejoices in eternal life, and to-morrow, at matins, in the vestry, you shall hear his voice among the choirs of monks; and not to-morrow only, but every day as long as you live." The next day the mother waited with impatience the first sound of matins, to hasten to the church. As soon as the monks in the choir took up the anthem the mother immediately recognised the voice of her dead child. With thankfulness to God she turned her steps homeward; and thereafter, every day, when she appeared, and the chanting of the choir commenced, she heard that voice mingling in the sweet and holy harmony. We have no miracle to open our ears to hear the songs of the departed; but the free spirit pierces the thick veil, and hears the voices ringing in Paradise, and recognises the dead child even in the very orchestra of heaven.

Again, Christ makes us free from the bondage of sin. This is the very centre and mainspring, as it were, of our personality. The work which Christ does is upon the inclination and the will, by which he delivers us, not only from doing wrong but from the wish to do wrong. He is only half freed who wants to do wrong and is afraid to do it. That man is truly freed who is lifted above the desire to do wrong, who feels no restraint from the law. He is free from the bondage of sin who has no inclination to sin; who has surrendered his own will to God's will. In that surrender he finds true liberty.

Christ frees us from gloom and fear and inconsolable sorrow. He reveals to us the light beyond the darkness and the clouds. If there is a question that arises in the

thoughtful mind deeper than others, it is perhaps this: "What power holds us here, and controls our destiny? what is the purpose of our life? And who that has been wounded and bled in the conflict of life; who that has ever had a sorrow; who that has ever penetrated into the strange arena of his own heart, finding sin to enthrall him, and passions contending there, has not asked himself the question, "What am I made for? what is the end of this? Am I locked up in the mechanism of nature to be driven by blind and furious impulses which I cannot control?" Do we not feel a sense of enthrallment when we ask the question, what holds and controls us? Ask Nature, and it gives us no answer through its silent voices. It gives us no light, reveals no truth from the shrine of its splendid mysteries. Ask the wise, and from their own reason they can only tell us it is a mystery.

Christ makes us free from all this doubt and fear and terror. He makes us free through the revelation and the assurance of the truth of the Father's love. He makes us free because he lifts us up into acquiescence with the divine will. The freest utterance ever made upon this earth was not upon a victorious battle-field, where the banners waved in triumph, and with trumpet tones the conqueror shouted defiance to oppression; not in the harangue of splendid oratory when the world listened with admiration; but the freest utterance man ever made was when Christ bowed his head and said, "Father, not my will but thine be done." That is true freedom, when the soul lifts itself up to God and receives back the strength and power of Christ's spirit. In personal communion with Jesus we receive true liberty.

Liberty must be truly realised by self-sacrifice. Free men, free born, are we free? Are we delivered from the power of sin? Are we delivered by acquiescence in the divine will? Are we delivered by the enlargement and limitless growth of Christ's spirit within us? As we draw nigh to Jesus in the glorious liberty of the children of God, can we not say, "Oh Christ, thou hast made us free; free from impure passions; free from unlawful desires; free from sensual delusions; free from our fears; free from our troubles and our cares?" Are we feeling in this way that the spirit of Christ makes us free?

Who so free that he needs not the helping touch of that emancipating influence? Who so free that he can turn away from these symbols of liberty? Who would not come, and by the influence of that divine love, by the expression of that God-like sacrifice, feel what it is to be free from sin and all selfish loves, and filled with that divine spirit of sacrifice which these emblems represent? Touch these symbols in faith that the spirit which works through them may touch you, and you shall learn the truth of what Christ declares; "for then ye shall be free indeed."

ON PROFESSING OUR UNITARIANISM.

THERE was a time when the Christians were a despised and persecuted sect, and it then required some courage for a man to own himself a Christian. Paul says that Christianity was to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness. But he exhorts Timothy not to be ashamed of witnessing to the Lord. In our days, when all the nation professes Christianity, the case is altered, and no one feels any shame in owning it. Indeed, it would require some courage for a conscientious Deist to own that he was not a Christian. And if we would apply Paul's words to ourselves, we ought to say, "Be not ashamed of witnessing to your Unitarianism." We sing in our chapels Bowring's noble hymn, "In the cross of Christ I glory;" and some may fancy themselves very bold for doing so. But can they as conscientiously say, "In my Unitarianism I glory?" Paul was not ashamed of owning his dissent; his departure from the opinions of the majority. Can all of us say the same? Paul exhorts Timothy to keep the charge that has been intrusted to him, and we must consider the words as spoken to ourselves. The charge that has been intrusted to us is the grand doctrine of the undivided unity of God, with the various important doctrines that flow from it, such as the rejection of the popular atonements, and of election, and of the two natures of Christ. We should try to spread our opinions with the same earnestness that Paul tried to spread his, and for the same reason, namely, because we believe them true, and that mankind will be the better for accepting them. We may not all have eloquence, or powers of reasoning, or

powers of persuading others; but every one, the weakest amongst us, may, like Paul and the young Timothy, bear his testimony to his own convictions; he can speak out on all proper occasions and own his Unitarianism. Every man cannot conquer in battle, but every man may if he chooses stand up without running away. Admiral Nelson, in one of his great sea-fights, told his captains that every one of them would be understood to have done his duty if he laid his ship alongside one of the enemy's ships. The superiority of the English sailors was such that that conduct alone would ensure victory. And such also is the superiority of our arguments and reasons in the theological struggle, that we may adopt Lord Nelson's orders, and say that whoever when joining with others in religious conversation shall have owned that he is a Unitarian, may be held to have done his duty. At least let it be remembered that if he holds his tongue, and does not own it, he is a coward.

THE ORGAN.

HER hand strayed over the organ notes,

And there rose such music, sweetly grand,
That as I listened I sighed and thought,

The notes are touched by an angel's hand.

The sunlight stole through the diamond pane

And fell on her golden, rippling hair,

And as I gazed, I proudly thought,

A crown of glory is resting there.

Through the open window a murmur came,

Of summer breezes, sweet and clear—

And as I heard, I sadly thought,

'Tis an angel's wings that are rustling there.

I stood by her side in the golden light,

My hand on her's I laid—

"Oh, love, I would always see you thus,"

With faltering lips I said.

I stand in that lonely room once more,

But the golden light is fled,

And the hand that had strayed o'er the organ
notes

Is motionless and dead.

And I think of that evening long ago,

When our love had just begun,

As I saw her sitting by my side

In the light of a dying sun.

And I turn away from that darkened room

With my two hands locked in prayer,

That as I had seen her long ago

So might I see her there.

So I might hear that angel's song,

And look in her changeless eyes,

When the light of a never-dying sun

Shall shine on Paradise.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

HOW TO GIVE.—Said a member of a church to another, "I can give a pound for this object and not feel it." "Then," said his companion, "give ten and feel it."

FACE THE SUN.—Most of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light. How many stand almost constantly with their backs to the sun!

THE UNITARIAN CHAPEL KEEPER.—Taunted one day by a modern Pharisee about his humble position, our chapel keeper replied, "He would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tents of wickedness."

PRINCE OF PEACE.—The Pope seems by no means disposed to rely on moral force. He is trying to increase his "army of flesh" to twenty-five thousand men. Yet he claims to be the representative on earth of the Prince of Peace.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Efforts are being made in Holland to abolish capital punishment, and the movement is headed by the Minister of Justice at the Hague. The King of Sweden says that he will sign no more death warrants.

THE PHILOSOPHER.—The celebrated Linnaeus always testified in his conversations, writings, and actions, the greatest sense of God's omnipresence. He was, indeed, so strongly impressed with this idea, that he wrote over the door of his library, "Live innocently; God is present."

HOW CHURCHES ARE KILLED.—A correspondent of one of the religious papers having affirmed that he "knows half a dozen churches that have been killed by their ministers' wives," that paper responds: "We know three times that number that have been killed by their own mismanagement, stinginess, indifference, and irreligion."

PROVERBS FROM SHAKESPEARE.—There is no virtue like necessity. Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere. The better part of valour is discretion. There are few die well that die in battle. The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Beggars mounted run their horse to death. Bounty, being free itself, thinks all others so.

A BRAVE MAN.—When Algernon Sidney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood—by denying his hand writing—he said:—"When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, He gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."

A WELL READ BIBLE.—While you are talking about distributing Bibles, really in men's esteem you are Bibles yourselves walking through the streets and in places of business. Do not you know that hundreds of men judge the truth or falsity of religion by what you are and what you do? Do not you know that men are wont to say, "O, the preacher drones and drones about virtue, but just see how his church lives. As I understand it, virtues are things that are to be looked for in the life. The doctrine that a man preaches is to be judged of by what his people are."—*Royal Truths.*

REMEMBER.—Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.

PREDESTINATION.—Dean Ramsay tells the following of Robert Hall:—"A member of his flock, presuming on his weight and influence in the congregation, had called upon him and took him to task for not more frequently or more fully preaching predestination, which he hoped would in future be more referred to. Hall, the most moderate and cautious of men on this dark question, was very indignant. He looked steadily at his censor for a time, and replied, 'Sir, I perceive that you are predestined to be an ass; and, what is more, I see that you are determined to make your calling and election sure!'"

CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS IN IRELAND.—It is a custom—or, at least, it used to be in my boyish days, some thirty years ago—for every housekeeper above a cottage, and even the latter class—in rural districts, of course—to kill a cock on St. Michael's Eve. An intelligent lady, of Norman descent, once told me that this custom was brought into England by the Normans, and subsequently introduced into Ireland by the Anglo-Normans. An obsolete custom of throwing at a cock (with short sticks) on Shrove Tuesday is well known. The custom of illuminating country houses on All Souls Night has been noticed heretofore. The custom of rising before the sun on Easter Sunday, to see it dance, is still in full operation; and the custom of "ducking" for eggs on Easter Monday is still carried out. It is customary, early in February, for wealthy farmers and landowners to brew ale to be kept till March 17th, St. Patrick's Day, and there is a delicious cake made for the day, to be eaten with pickled salmon. It is believed that moonlight at Christmas is a sign of a plentiful harvest the following year; but a new moon coming on Saturdays is said to bring rain during the following month. Persons, especially females, with blueish-gray eyes having a perpendicular streak of black on the pupil, are accounted capable of seeing ghosts. It is not lucky to commence a journey on a Friday. Flesh meat of any kind is not suffered to remain hung up on a Good Friday. Apparitions are said to be common on Christmas Eve, and are frequently seen and conversed with.—*Ellis.*

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